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Communism in China

by Michael Harrington

Marcel: Christian Socratic

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The Stage:
Richard Hayes

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Editorials, Book Reviews, and Letters

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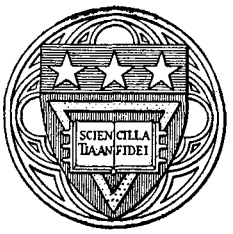

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

AN END OF SILENCE

FOR A FEW WEEKS, at least, President Eisenhower's decision to send United States troops into Lebanon had the effect of silencing Congressional criticism of the Administration. In the Senate there was an unspoken agreement that this was a time for national unity behind the President. In the House, Speaker Sam Rayburn cut off would-be critics of the Administration's handling of foreign affairs with the observation that this was a time for watching events develop rather than commenting on them. Now that tension in the Middle East has lessened somewhat, however, there are signs that the reign of silence is over.

In general, Congressional criticism can be expected to center on two key aspects of our problem —military planning and foreign policy. On both scores the Administration is vulnerable.

As far as military policy is concerned, there is the fact that the present Administration has consistently stressed the "bigger bang for a buck," in line with its 1952 and 1956 campaign pledges of economy. This policy has produced a constant reduction in numbers for U.S. fighting forces, as well as slowness in developing tactical nuclear weapons. As a result the Administration has, despite protests from many quarters, moved inexorably closer and closer to that point at which this nation will be unprepared to fight anything but a catastrophic H-bomb war. And the claim that the landing in Lebanon disproves this charge—a landing that involved less than a full division of troops, over a period of several days and with no opposition—seems ingenuous at best.

At the same time that it reduced the nation's ability to wage conventional war, the economy-minded Defense Department under Charles E. Wilson failed to encourage basic research. Indeed, Mr. Wilson's disdain for such research was always well known ("Who cares what makes the grass green?" he is reported to have quipped in those happy pre-sputnik days). As a result, economy measures cut large sums from defense research funds between 1953 and 1958, and our missile program suffered accordingly.

Today the Russians have achieved substantial superiority in the field of intercontinental missiles. Although U.S. scientists are trying hard to narrow this gap between U.S. and Soviet capabilities, the five-year period from 1960 on will be one of maximum peril for the free world. This is so because by that date, as Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts recently warned, it is expected that Soviet missile power will largely neutralize America's retaliatory power, thus making possible the "ballistic blackmail" to which President Eisenhower referred in his speech to the United Nations.

AS ONE OF the most severe indictments of the defense policies of the Eisenhower Administration yet delivered, Senator Kennedy's speech deserves careful consideration. The United States, Senator Kennedy said, is very close to losing that foundation of power on which our entire military and diplomatic strategy has rested since 1945. Blind and unthinking reliance on the doctrine of massive retaliation, he told the Senate, "has stultified the development of new policy." Our leaders have succumbed to a "Maginot-line mentality," and Congress and the people have been lulled into a dangerous complacency.

As we approach the critical years of the missile gap, Senator Kennedy warned, the United States must shed its "sense of normalcy" and give up its reliance on "the same slogans and economies, the same assumptions, tactics and diplomatic strategy" that have been accepted without question since the

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end of World War II. "Hysteria will not help," he said, "but neither will complacency."

If Senator Kennedy spoke strongly on defense policies, Senatorial criticism of U.S. foreign policy proper was even more severe. Here members of the important Foreign Relations Committee led the way, led in turn by the highly respected Fulbright of Arkansas. Because of Administration failures, Senator Fulbright said, "we are now looking into the abyss of war, a war which we do not seek and which can have only the most catastrophic consequences for all humanity." The foreign policy of the Eisenhower Administration, Senator Fulbright summed up, is "inadequate, outmoded, and misdirected."

Senator Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota declared that the usefulness of John Foster Dulles was at an end, and he called for resignation by the Secretary of State so that American politics abroad can be subjected to a "thorough, objective reexamination." Others, including Senator Mike Mansfield of Montana, added their condemnations to the Senate debate, in the course of which the Administration's conduct of foreign affairs was characterized by such terms as "headless policy" and "gunboat diplomacy." Even the careful Senator Theodore Green of Rhode Island, ninety-year-old chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, backed up the charges against the Administration and declared that the United States is in trouble, "very deep trouble," in the Middle East.

All this, then, is a good indication that Administration policies will receive increasingly critical attention in Congress during the next session. There are many who will sincerely regret this turn of events, and we would be among them if we thought that Congressional criticism would be purely negative or unduly partisan. But there is no reason this should be so, and we hope it will not be, for at this point in our history it is vital that government and people come to a realistic appraisal of our national position in the light of changing events.

We in the United States need to understand where we are strong and where we are weak, to know the extent of our power and—very importantly—its limits. We need, perhaps more than anything else at this point, to arrive at a clearer definition of our national aspirations and of our foreign policy goals, especially in the Middle and Far East. Such self-analysis and self-knowledge are not easily come by, but they are essential, and they can be achieved only by a great national debate. If ever there was a time when unquestioning silence was the best course, that time is past.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROPOSALS

WHEN THE General Assembly gathered in special session to debate the problems of the Middle East, there was little reason for optimism. The worst fears, however, were not realized. There was the expected attack and counter-attack between the Western and the Soviet blocs. But President Eisenhower's appearance was dramatic and his six-point proposal for the Middle East was relatively well received: while some "neutral" nations were critical, others accepted it; Mr. Gromyko stated that Russia would cooperate with major sections of it; *Osservatore Romano* hailed it; and bipartisan sentiment at home praised it highly. The six-point program was bracketed with the President's "Atoms for Peace" proposal, which captured world imagination in 1953. The fate of that proposal, however, should be a warning to those who wish to press the comparison.

The President's program for the Middle East had several immediate advantages. It was tactically and rhetorically effective. Composed both of large sweeping plans and relatively limited and non-controversial items it had readily acceptable suggestions as well as long-range debatable points.

Following the token withdrawal of one battalion from Lebanon, his statement that U. S. troops would withdraw at the request of the Lebanese government dampened the possible charges of direct aggression. His desire that the forces working to stabilize the Middle East should work through the U.N. and his more particular suggestions as to how this could be done were too well-meaning to be strongly opposed. Nor could the desire to limit the arms race be other than acceptable to the delegates of most countries. It is clear that one of the points that attracted most attention was the proposal for a regional economic plan "to assist and accelerate improvement in the living standards" of the Arab peoples.

All of these proposals had the effect of presenting the President, and the country for which he spoke, as representative of peace and world order. They put the best possible interpretation upon our presence in Lebanon and our interest in the countries of the Middle East. And they offered a basis for future discussion and planning.

But after this is granted, after the fanfare has ceased, other questions inevitably demand the attention due them. And then the weaknesses and the omissions of the six-point program become increasingly obvious. The regional economic development plan, for instance, has already encountered

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opposition—and among the Arab states it was supposedly designed to help. The reason is not far to seek. For this "bold, imaginative" plan is very similar to plans advanced years ago by the Arabs themselves. It now comes rather late from us. Not only did we not take it up before, but we pursued an erratic course of offering and then withdrawing substantial aid. And now it seems possible that the tenuous but growing interdependence of the Arab countries will provide much, if not all, of the capital that the Arab states can profitably use. It is not surprising that they cast a cold eye on this initially impressive proposal.

And nowhere in the President's program was there a clear indication of the nature of the stake the United States has in the Middle East. What, for instance, is our attitude toward Arab nationalism, whether or not it is shaped by Nasser? How far will we go in order to maintain Jordan? Or to ensure Israel? To what extent are the armed forces a proper extension of policy in dealing with the problems of Middle Eastern countries? A policy for the Middle East must ultimately cope with such questions, and yet they were largely unconsidered in the President's proposal. Assuredly he was speaking with a particular purpose and a limited objective, but his program can be successful only if it is part of an over-all policy. The comparison with the "Atoms for Peace" proposal may be only too justified.

CONTROLS FOR ATOMIC WEAPONS

THIRTEEN YEARS after the launching of the atomic bomb over Hiroshima, the world appears to be on the threshold of instituting what may eventually lead to effectual control of that terrifying weapon. After two and a half years of deliberating, a special U.N. committee of representatives from fifteen nations has published a somewhat inconclusive but sobering report on the effects of radiation. Meanwhile, American and Russian scientists assembled at Geneva are completing two months work determining what sort of a network of monitoring stations would be required to detect nuclear weapons tests in any area in the world.

Those who produced the report on radiation were restricted by the lack of a sufficient body of knowledge of what radiation actually does to the human organism—or even what the strontium 90 released by thermonuclear explosions can inevitably be expected to produce. The estimate of from five thousand to sixty thousand deaths a year from strontium-induced leukemia manifests considerable uncertainty, but even the lower figure is sufficient to give pause. The committee estimates on harmful genetic effects are even more tentative, but still they indicate a large number of major genetic deficiencies. In view of Hiroshima, the number of tests that have been conducted in the Far East by this country, Britain and the Soviet Union, and the contest for the allegiance of the Afro-Asian world, there is a grim irony in one of the findings of the U.N. representatives. It is reported that strontium contamination is five or six times more severe for those peoples who obtain their calcium from rice than for those who secure it from cows' milk—as in the West.

If the U.N. committee was uncertain as to the amount of damage to present and future generations resulting from thermonuclear explosions, it was of one mind that the end result of these tests was definitely harmful. The statement it adopted by majority vote declared that "All steps designed to minimize irradiation will act to the benefit of human health."

The reported progress toward agreement which the Russian and American scientists have made at Geneva in recent weeks arouses new hope. Doubtless there is a long path to be traversed between conclusions concurred in at this rather informal gathering and an official American-British-Soviet agreement to accept a worldwide monitoring network which would police a suspension of all further thermonuclear test explosions. But for American and Russian scientists to come together with the objectives of six hundred and fifty monitoring stations on the one hand and one hundred on the other and to be led by scientific testimony to agree that some two hundred well-located stations would do the job down to tactical weapon explosions of a few kilotons (thousand tons of T.N.T.), does augur well. Such a network would include some twenty-five stations within the Soviet Union itself.

If an official agreement can be reached hard upon the completion of the scientists' parley, the long-sought end of thermonuclear testing would be in sight. This would come none too soon. A primary consideration is the threat of further tests to many individual human beings and their progeny. Moreover, an ending of tests in the immediate future would prevent other powers from developing their own atomic weapons and thereby greatly complicating the problem of international controls. (It is said that the French are on the threshold of developing atomic weapons of their own, while the U.S.S.R. has recently agreed to supply Communist

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China with atomic weapons, ballistic missiles and help in the launching of a satellite.)

An over-all agreement with adequate monitoring safeguards would establish the precedent of international inspection so essential for any effective control and reduction of armaments. It would, in fact, constitute the first major step toward checking the fateful arms race and lessening the burden and anxieties due to conventional and atomic armaments among many of the hard-pressed peoples of the world.

INTER-AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT

IN SOME QUARTERS our misfortunes in the Middle East, and the development program the President has proposed as one result, are receiving some credit for a major change in United States policy toward Latin America. For ten years certain of these compatriots of ours in the Western hemisphere have been pleading with us for some new means of securing loans that would enable them to develop their one-sided economies. Up to now we have held that the Export-Import Bank, which was originally set up to finance Latin-American purchases of our products, was adequate—in view of other available and international financial institutions. Now we declare that the recent visits of Messrs. Nixon, Anderson, Milton Eisenhower and Dulles have led us to see things differently. The proferred Inter-American Development Institution reflects the change in policy.

Most of these neighboring lands to the South are chronic sufferers from the dollar gap. Their budgets are badly out of balance, their currencies soft. Pressures of growing populations upon existing productive resources are acute. Dependence upon imports from the industrialized countries and vulnerability to badly fluctuating prices and demand for the raw materials these countries export compound their grave exchange difficulties. To raise output per capita, develop the great natural wealth of these lands and reduce dependence on imports, a well-coordinated development program on a major scale is essential. In this program, as in similar efforts toward which the United States contributes in other parts of the world, the underdeveloped countries themselves have much to gain from taking the initiative. It is highly fitting that very shortly after the announcement of our new policy Brazil should propose the setting up of a "Committee of 21" to draw up comprehensive plans for the economic development of Latin America.

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE UNIVERSITY

IN THE FALL of last year the president of Princeton University announced that after long deliberation the Board of Trustees had regretfully directed the University to withdraw official recognition of Father Hugh Halton, O.P., the Catholic chaplain assigned to the University. In several editorials last year and in an article earlier this year The Commonweal presented information about the differences between the chaplain and the University community and criticized both the anti-Catholic excesses and the part Father Halton played in the controversy.

Now Father Halton's superior has announced that he is to resume advanced study and research at Oxford University. We hope that this change will mark the end of strained relations and that the pleasant, fruitful conditions which had previously obtained between the Catholic chaplain and the University can be once again resumed.

POLAND'S STRUGGLE

ONCE AGAIN the Catholics of Poland are visited with severe persecution. The relations between Church and State in Poland have been at best uncertain and uneasy. In 1946 the Communist rupture of the Concordat with the Holy See marked the beginning of new persecution of Poland's Catholic population. Church property was confiscated, many Bishops and priests were imprisoned, and organizations were designed to start a schismatic national Church. An agreement between the Church and the Warsaw government was reached in 1950, only to be violated by the Communist regime.

In order to achieve some measure of Polish stability, Stefan Cardinal Wyszinsky signed, in 1956, an agreement with Wladislaw Gomulka, who was enough of a realist to recognize the profound importance of Catholicism in the life of Poland. In May of this year official censorship even confiscated a publication of the Polish Association of Atheists because it bitterly attacked the Church.

Now, however, and possibly in response to Soviet pressure, Gomulka's regime has turned openly and violently against the Church. Since the government has strong forces at its disposal Catholics will once again know severe suffering, and Poland will be rent by dissension. The persecution, it is clear, is a mark not of the Church's weakness within Poland but of its strength.

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Stalinist or Revisionist?

Communism in China

What kind of influence does Mao have on Khrushchev and Soviet foreign policy?

by MICHAEL HARRINGTON

WITHIN RECENT months, Chinese Communism has become a subject of almost universal speculation. Interest was quickened when it became apparent that Peiping was playing its own role in the campaign against the Titoists. And discussion became intense when Nikita Khrushchev, following his conference with Mao Tse-tung, apparently changed his mind about how desirable it was to have a Summit conference at this time.

In this connection one New York *Times* correspondent referred to the Chinese Communists as the "X" element in the international equation. Other correspondents were not so modest in their identifications. One reported that U.N. sources feel that Mao has been deposed by Chou En-lai and that the new leadership backs the Stalinist faction in the Kremlin. Another has argued that the Chinese Communists are becoming aggressive because of their growing strength. And Tito himself has accused Mao of raising the hue and cry over "revisionism" in order to divert attention from internal economic difficulties.

In most cases, it is simply impossible for an American (or, for that matter, anyone who is not privy to the comings and goings of the top Russian and Chinese leadership) to identify personalities and individual motives in these developments. We just do not have the information which would allow any certitude to the assertion that Chou is replacing Mao. Kremlinology, the pseudo-science of interpreting Communist politics according to the protocol order of appearances at the Bolshoi or at Red Square, has had its triumphs (Beria's fate was one), and more than its random share of disasters (Marshal Zhukov's fall caught all of the experts unawares). With China, the matter is even more complex. Barriers of language and the red tape curtain erected by John Foster Dulles, are only two of the many factors that conspire to make guessing the names of factional leaders a hazardous occupation.

What one can do, however, is to recognize larger trends within Chinese Communism. This requires, first of all, that we have a certain understanding of the over-all dynamic of Maoism. In that context, we can approach the recent trends within China and attempt to construct tentative relationships between them and the political twists and turns of the Peiping line. And finally, we should also note how American policy seems to be almost totally paralyzed in the presence of the known and obvious facts.

There is still a lingering illusion about Mao's China: that somehow it is "different" from Stalin's Russia, that its development will not be as brutal. If we are to understand anything about the present situation we must know that almost the exact opposite is true. Mao's China will, if anything, be more classically "Stalinist" than the Russia of the thirties.

IN ONE SENSE, and only one, Maoism is different from Stalinism. Russian Communism developed out of the ruins of a revolution made by the workers and it could not claim a complete victory until it had eradicated every idealistic remnant of October, 1917. Mao, on the other hand, took a different path on his road to power. He based himself quite consciously upon the insurrectionary force of a peasant army which he mobilized by appealing to the legitimate aspirations of an exploited people. From the mid-thirties on, he carefully worked out an orientation toward the "national" capitalists (those sections of Chinese business who were progressively alienated by the ineffectiveness and corruption of Chiang's Kuomintang), the intellectuals, the students and other disaffected urban elements. But

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at no time after 1928 was the Chinese working class a significant or even a conscious element in Mao's movement.

This difference in how power was taken has two important consequences. For one thing, it made the introduction of classical Stalinism—a totalitarian police apparatus, complete state control over the workers and peasants, a heavy industry orientation regardless of the cost—all the easier. Mao's revolution had been quite real, and not a conspiracy, yet its mass peasant character meant that once the leaders won the cities they could rule at their own will. They did not have to destroy the power of an organized socialist ideology among the workers. And secondly, the Maoist leadership was built exactly on the basis of fidelity to Stalin. These were men who had seen the Comintern subject Chinese Communism to a bloodbath in the twenties and who had yet remained faithful. In a sense, this aspect of Maoism makes it even more of a danger in Asia. For not only does it hold out an image of industrializing, as Russia does, but in offering a tactic for the seizure of power in an underdeveloped country, it possesses a peculiarly Asian method of struggle.

Po I-Po, Mao's top planner, made an unusually clear statement of this Stalinist dynamic of Chinese Communism at the first session of the Party's Eighth Congress. He spoke of the Party's determination to carry out a policy of heavy industrialization, and said: "But we must have a sufficient accumulation of funds to accomplish this arduous task, and, in accordance with the nature of our social system, *the only way to secure this accumulation is by finding it inside the country*. Under these circumstances, the amount and rate of accumulation not only directly affect the tempo of socialist industrialization, but also directly affect the level of consumption of the people and the extent to which improvements can be made in their living standards." (My emphasis.) In this single statement there is an outline of the drives which are forcing China into the Stalinist mold.

For when the Party once decides on "socialist" heavy industrialization and recognizes that it will not be aided from without (Russian aid has not been great), it is then committed to extracting a surplus from its own people. In overwhelmingly peasant China that means, above all, the super-exploitation of the peasantry and a determined struggle against the demands of the growing working class. This can only be accomplished by force—indeed, in this nation of six hundred million, it requires the Stalinist totalitarian state. And however charmingly the Maoists may write (their style, marked by the Chinese heritage, *is* superior to those catechetical dialogues Stalin used to carry on with himself), the reality of their policy will be totalitarian and Stalinist.

Thus Mao's regime is a betrayal of the revolution which brought it to power; it is based upon beating the surpluses necessary for heavy industrialization out of the hides of the people. And given the fact that it starts at a level of development well behind that of Russia in 1928, given the fact that its problem of accumulation and pressures of population are much greater, its tendencies are toward an even more brutal form of Stalinism than developed in Russia.

IN THIS context, we can get a better perspective on the development of Chinese Communism: a process which, with all its zigs and zags, has moved from 1949 to the present in the direction of more complete totalitarianism. Only in this perspective can one understand the recent political shifts.

After the Communists obtained power in 1949, there was a period of consolidation. Land was parceled out to some of the peasants; the "national" capitalists were allowed to continue their business; and the regime extended its rule throughout the land. During this period, Mao has admitted that eight hundred thousand "counter-revolutionaries" (that is, opponents of the Communist government, real and alleged) were executed. Even this impressive figure is, of course, unquestionably low. However, between 1949 and 1953, there was no strong attempt to forge ahead; the policy was to prepare for basic changes. In this spirit, the Central Committee of the Communist Party declared that the property of the middle peasants, and the land of the poorer peasants, would be respected for a considerable time to come.

But even as the Chinese Communists exercised this moderate course (moderate only in relation to what was to come), they were making ready for the big drive toward industrialization. In the "Five-Anti" campaign, the capitalists were brought into line; the Hu Feng purge was directed against recalcitrant intellectuals; and the inter-Party opposition was dealt with through the charges against Kao Kang. Then, in July of 1955, Mao announced the massive change of policy. The peasantry, he told the Party, was to be collectivized in a matter of a few years. Perhaps even Mao did not realize the storm he was unleashing, for this new line—taking land away from four hundred million people and converting it into "collective" property—was accomplished in a little better than twelve months.

We have only sketchy evidence to indicate how much resistance this measure provoked. Even in the absence of specific data, we could assume that the peasants would not readily give up their hard-won land. But there are some reports. Probably the most striking is the government's own admission of a "blind, massive rush" from the countryside to the city. Eventually the flight of the peasants from the land achieved such proportions that a system of internal passports was instituted, making it impossible for a Chinese to move from his village without official permission. And earlier,

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the Communists had announced that in a six-month period, half a million peasants had been rounded up in Shanghai and sent back to the farms.

By late 1956, there were many indications that the regime was drawing back from its own harshness because of the effect of popular discontent upon production. And also, as Mao himself told the world in his speech of February, 1957, the news of the Hungarian Revolution had made a deep impact upon the students and intellectuals. In the face of this opposition, the Party decreed a retreat, most dramatically signaled by Mao's advocating the policy of "Let a Hundred Flowers Bloom." There was to be mass criticism of bureaucracy, an escape-valve for the many-millioned hatreds which pervaded the country. But this tactic proved to be disastrous. In the brief period of criticism—some three or four months at best—wall newspapers which appeared in the Universities and public speeches, rather than simply criticizing the regime, called for an end to Communist rule.

This period of retreat was in progress from the fall of 1956 to the spring of 1957. In part, it coincided with the Polish October and the Hungarian Revolution; in part it was caused by them. During this time, the Chinese Communists earned the reputation of being friendly to "revisionists," such as Gomulka, in East European Communism. But by June of 1957 it had become apparent that the cure for discontent had provoked more discontent. Mao's February speech was "re-edited" and the provisions for "free speech" were probably added at this time (free speech is permissible so long as it does not attack the regime, its policy, Russia, the Party, etc.). And the rectification campaign was put into effect. This was eventually to involve the sending of over a million students, party members and bureaucrats to the countryside for "labor reform" or "voluntary" work. It was a thorough, old-fashioned purge.

At the same time that the political line was changed, the Chinese Communists prepared an economic offensive. This involved the conception of 1958 as the year of the "big leap forward." It meant redoubled exploitation, the reduction of consumption, and a general tightening of state control over every aspect of social life. In Liu Chao-Chi's keynote speech to the Second Session of the Eighth Party Congress in May, 1958, the classic Stalinist dogma (formally repudiated by Khrushchev two years before) was stated in blunt terms: now that the revolution is victorious, now that "socialism" is on its way, there is a "fierce, life and death struggle" between the triumphant Party and the vanquished bourgeoisie. Translated into more simple terms, this meant an intensification of planned struggle by the regime against the workers and peasants.

There is no question that this domestic shift is, in part, a factor in the violent Chinese Communist attack upon Tito and "revisionism." In the main *People's Daily* tirade on this subject, a direct link is seen between Chinese bourgeois rightists and the East European Communists. For as the Chinese move into their classic Stalinist phase, they clearly cannot tolerate revisionist propaganda in the international Communist movement. They are stepping up collectivization, and Tito's emphasis upon this subject could only be subversive. (Lest the Yugoslavian emerge from this as something of a hero, it should be remembered that the official Titoist press discovered that it had been printing glowing lies about China, but only *after* the attack from Peiping.)

THIS THEORY would not, however, really explain the apparent pressure which the Chinese Communist brought upon Khrushchev with regard to the Summit talks. For, after all, a certain "isolationism" is thoroughly compatible with the most classic development of Stalinism. Here other factors must be considered. One relates to the nationalism which is inextricably a part of Mao's Communism. There is no question that the fact that Formosa would be represented, under the guise of "China," at a Security Council meeting could be galling to the Maoists. But even more importantly, there is also the possibility that the Chinese leaders feared a "deal" between the Americans and the Russians, one which would be inimical to their own interests. They can remember how Ho Chi Minh's IndoChinese Communists were subordinated to Moscow's determination to further a "Geneva spirit" some years ago. And if, as *France-Observateur* has reported, the Chinese Communists consider themselves to have a special sphere of competence of Middle Eastern matters, this could be doubly true.

We must remember that there were symptoms of a new aggressiveness in Chinese policy before this summer. Trade relations with Japan were broken in the spring, ostensibly because of an "insult" to the Chinese Communist flag. There have also been a series of Chinese demands directed to negotiations taking place between the Communists and the American government at Geneva. If these instances are considered along with

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the virulence of the Peiping attack on Yugoslavian "revisionism," the deliberations of Khrushchev and Mao can be seen, not as a sharp break in Chinese Communist policy, but as the continuation of themes which have been in the making for at least half a year.

Thus we can reasonably make some cautious speculations about the recent actions of the Chinese Communists on the international scene. Unquestionably, one massive factor is the intensification of exploitation and coercion within the nation itself. This Stalinist development would certainly help to account for a more rigid doctrinal presentation and a general turn toward a bellicose policy. Less obvious but probable factors are the national pride of the nine-year-old regime, and its fears that its interests might be subordinated to a Moscow policy in any conference from which it was excluded.

Finally, a word is in order about American policy as it relates to these Chinese developments. Here it is not so much a question of assigning responsibility for the past as it is of dealing with the present and future. The first-class catastrophe so beautifully documented in the State Department's account of Mao's rise (in which American policy makers, committed to Chiang, watched the growing power of the Communists as one might regard a cobra's eye) is an accomplished fact. What is more to the point is that the kind of action which was responsible for this catastrophe continues to emanate from Washington.

Chinese Communism, as was remarked above, has deep roots in the Asian present. It offers a way to industrialize and a method for the seizure of power. In this, it addresses itself to the aspirations of millions upon millions of people. But there are other regimes—one thinks of India and Burma—which are seeking to deal with the same problem, but in a democratic fashion. These governments have made errors, to be sure, even basic ones, yet they represent the alternative in Asia at the present time. How America relates to them will have grave bearing on the course they take; and upon the possibility of more Communist Parties coming to power.

If we examine the politics of American aid in Asia and see the value judgments which it implies, we should be able to understand how suicidal it is. From the end of the war until 1953, the United States granted a total of $7.6 billion in aid to Asia and the Pacific. Of this, $2.3 billion was purely military. Of the remaining $5.3 billion, $4.9 went to Formosa, Japan, the Philippines and South Korea, the bulk of it to Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee. The rest of Asia received half a billion dollars. The Russians, as of February, 1958, had sent almost the same amount. But the slight and apparent superiority of American aid is almost completely vitiated by its political orientation. It was tied in with military pacts and it was primarily directed to the support of two reactionary governments. That is, the Russians have appeared more dramatically as the supporters of the Asian people than the Americans. And the Chinese Communists, with all of their fantastic internal problems, have granted more aid to neighboring countries than they have received from the Russians! The political impact of this can easily be imagined.

IF THIS simple fact is coupled with the rest of American policy—the pactomania which produced the "South East Asian Treaty Organization," the support of dictators, the "trickle-down" theory of aid which allows funds to be directed to the benefit of landlords and the like—it is plain that a major tragedy is brewing throughout all of Asia. Ten or twenty years from now the question will not be, "Who lost China?" Ten or twenty years from now it may well be, "Who lost Asia?" And part of the answer will be the same in both cases: American policy. We have made our rhetorical bows in the direction of the "revolution of rising expectations," in favor of the "war against poverty." They have remained on paper. And the recent Formosa-First statement of policy issued by the State Department to justify its non-recognition of Mao is more a confession of impotence than anything else.

China is an image of the alternative. For independently of Russian efforts in these areas, discounting any factor of "subversion," the Chinese experience makes it clear that there are strong, indigenous tendencies toward the totalitarian accumulation of capital in all Asia. Indeed, if Asia does not have the hope of substantial outside aid, if its industrialization must proceed on the basis of internal resources (and *against* the economic power of the developed nations), then it is doubtful whether this can be done democratically. In this sense, the present totalitarian reality of China is an image of the Asian future which the United States is (often, on the part of many, unwittingly and unwillingly) helping to bring into being.

And China is in agony. The recent developments there show, not that Maoism will be a less brutal process than Stalinism, but that it has tendencies toward even more terrible extremes. It is the product of several forces, of the tragic inadequacies of American policy, of the legitimate aspirations of the millions who made a revolution and were betrayed by their Communist leaders. Today, the classical Stalinist phase on which this country is embarking may well be a very real threat to peace and a factor in the unending struggle within the Kremlin bureaucracy itself. But even more importantly, this China is the image of a future which may engulf all of Asia. And if it does, American policy, as it is and as it has been, will be partly responsible for the long night which will settle upon hundreds of millions of people.

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He sees the philosopher as a pioneer who cuts out a lonely path for himself

Marcel: Christian Socratic

by JAMES COLLINS

GABRIEL MARCEL'S recent visit to Japan, where he lectured on his philosophy, was more than a gesture of international friendship at the intellectual level. It was also an enactment of his own conception of the philosopher's vocation. The philosopher is a pioneer, one who cuts out a lonely path for himself and then finds that it leads to a clearing where many minds can learn to meet. He is known by his constant questioning of settled opinions, by his passionate commitment to the pursuit of the truth of being, and by his readiness to bear witness to his findings through personal effort. For both Kierkegaard and Marcel, the exemplar of this kind of mind is Socrates. Hence Marcel prefers to regard his philosophy as a new lease upon Socratic thought, rather than as a doctrinaire existentialism.

For many years, Japanese intellectual life was most heavily influenced by the currents of German thought. Philosophy was no exception, so that the existentialisms of Martin Heidegger and Karl Jaspers were most widely appreciated. Immediately after World War II, the fashion of Jean-Paul Sartre spread to Japan, but here as elsewhere there has been skepticism about whether Sartre could ever develop his long promised theory of man and ethics.

Marcel has constantly distinguished his position from the bastion of finitude erected by Heidegger, from Sartre's notion of freedom as doom and society as hell, and even from Jaspers' enclosed naturalism. Despite his reluctance to undertake long travels, he has now given a personal presentation of his reflections to the Japanese. This accords with his resolve to address himself by preference to those who are not powerful by worldly standards and those who are not in possession of the full intellectual and spiritual riches of Christianity.

In terms of his own intellectual history, however, Marcel is the only one of the thinkers usually called existentialists who owes a major intellectual debt to American and British philosophers. He began as an idealist well schooled in the systems of Royce and Bradley, but gradually worked his way toward a distinctive sort of realism. From Royce he acquired a permanent interest in the reality of loyalty as an interpersonal relation, as well as in the contrasts between the sphere of scientific objects and that of selves or centers of intelligent choice. But Marcel came to place the stress upon the human person, rather than upon a supernetwork of selves, and thus he broke away from this idealistic background.

He became interested in the difference between a deep personal loyalty to a great cause and the consumer-responses achieved by motivational experts working for the advertising companies and the branches of government. These experts can plot a need-and-response curve with highly effective returns. But Marcel noticed that beyond the scope of their technique lay the personal assent of the human agent, his free and loyal adherence which could not be packaged and delivered for a price. Here was a rich soil for his philosophical analysis.

BUT IT WAS not solely for theoretical analysis. Marcel's genius is as deeply artistic as it is philosophical. He does not confuse these two approaches, and yet neither does he keep them severely isolated from each other. In his own thought and literary activity, he maintains a zone of free interchange between the concrete presentations of the playwright and the researches of the philosopher. His plays display a meditative dimension, while his philosophical treatises remain close to the drama of the person and his choices. Sometimes his plays prefigure the themes which will become central for his speculation, and sometimes they give concrete embodiment to ideas already suggested by his analytic studies. Thus there is a fruitful, organic relationship between art and philosophy in his creative mind. To those who think that philosophy keeps its own identity only by remaining in splendid isolation from artistic interests, this condition is a scandal. But for those who see that the distinction need not rest upon separation from the rest of human experience, the intercourse between dramatic and speculative motifs in Marcel's mind is a fortunate condition for philosophic work.

Marcel's plays pursue the common theme that man

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finds his vocation in learning to participate in being. This participation is not achieved by dissolving the individual in some vague cosmic embrace, but by gaining awareness of one's personal significance and joining in the community of persons. In dramatic terms, this means a sharp antithesis between the theater of Sartre and that of Marcel. The former sets his stage in the packing-box of hell, with the individual character bedeviled by his past deeds and tortured by the staring presence of other men. For the protagonists in Sartre's plays, there is no possibility of communion with each other or of liberating movement toward the Father of light. Such a possibility is always there in Marcel's dramatic world, not as a sop but as an open path which human freedom is enabled to take. Instead of the room with no exit, the typical setting is found in the home, where there are plenty of doors and windows symbolizing our capacity for becoming accessible to others and for living with each other.

This is not to say that Marcel takes an easy, sentimental view of our human predicament. In an interview, he has stated that his concern in the theater is the presentation "of the soul in exile, of the soul which suffers from the lack of communion with herself and with others." Delicate probing is made of domestic crises to show how they can arouse an awareness of this lack and can suggest acts by which personal communion is creatively brought into being. With Marcel, it is not a question of optimism but of searching into the hidden reaches of freedom and of making one's belief in God effective for the image of man.

PASTOR LEMOYNE, in "A Man of God," has been living for twenty years with his wife on a false basis of stability. In the past, he had forgiven her affair with another man, but he had never clarified for himself the quality of her act of remorse or his act of forgiving. The man's return into their lives forces the pastor to recognize that his attitude has been that of a complacent expert dealing with one of his cases, instead of a husband with his wife. In his moral superiority, he has developed an objective and technical relation toward his wife, who in turn has been alienated from him by this professional attitude. Here we can observe in the flesh some of Marcel's typical philosophical themes. The Lemoyne household is split open, because the technical attitude toward an objective case has been substituted for conjugal love on an interpersonal basis of friendship. The wife has grown significantly in moral stature during the intervening years, but this recovery of freedom goes unnoticed by a husband still playing the old role of the competent adviser.

In "The Broken World," we are permitted to share in another central issue: the effect of death upon human relations. The heroine, Christiane Chesnaye, is moved by a death to recover her selfhood from constant diversion in society. She learns that death need not be a total rupture of personal ties, since it calls forth from her a fidelity whose presence was hitherto unsuspected.

The German Occupation of France left its deep imprint on Marcel's mind and sensibility. He discovered that suffering becomes meaningful for man by releasing the staves which cause the individual to be concerned with himself alone. Especially the evil of racial persecution can serve as the goad for new spurts of social growth, both for good and for evil. Moving beyond the domestic region to that of political and social movements, Marcel's "The Sign of the Cross" explores the effects of anti-Semitism on several souls. The ambivalence of social policies in the face of different human interpretations is shown in the self-criticism aroused in one Jewish person and the discovery of fraternal ties on the part of another.

Other recent plays deal with the many-patterned ways in which obscure and prominent men face the challenge of inhumane social force. This is a direct route to the heart of Marcel's social philosophy and his critique of technology. But at both the personal and the social levels, he relies much less heavily than does Graham Greene upon the criminal act as the means of self-disclosure. And his resolution of a situation is achieved through a fresh human appeal to the common ideals of fidelity and hope, rather than through the simulated shock of theological paradox.

In the contrapuntal fashion of an essentially musical mind, Marcel develops his philosophy around a core of polar themes: art and philosophy, the ordinary man and philosophy, existence and being, society and the person, Christian and non-Christian minds. These are the most significant aspects of his thought for the contemporary inquiring mind.

EVEN IN FORM, there is some continuity between Marcel's literary and philosophical works. Two of his main philosophical writings follow the journal form, after the example of Maine de Biran and with an intellectual rigor never attained by André Gide. The entries in his *Metaphysical Journal* and *Being and Having* are sometimes gnarled and circuitous, but they allow the reader to follow the genesis of his perplexities, and his creative spurts. Marcel permits us to trace the steps leading to his break with idealism, his conversion to Catholicism, and his chiseling of the prime distinctions between mystery and problem, being and having. Like Cardinal Newman, he knows the art of persuasion through telling the story of one's personal quest of truth.

Marcel resembles Newman in another important respect: he permits no discontinuity between ordinary and philosophically justified assent. The real ground of his rejection of airtight systems is not an irrationalist motive, but a fear lest philosophy close itself off from

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the act of living intelligence. The informal character of his investigations is a means for awakening a sense of the dependence of philosophical work upon the judgments of existing men about themselves and the world of their experience. Philosophy is not a self-priming pump, but stands in radical need of what we can learn as men, not as technicians of a system.

Claudel once observed that the trained philosopher must continually learn how to hear with his eye and see with his ear. Like the artist, he must develop a keen sensitivity to the significance of our daily findings. In Marcel's language, the philosopher has to respect the fore-feeling or presentiment of general meaning that hides in our simplest perceptions and statements. Here again, the artist and the thinker in Marcel re-enforce each other. His generous use of descriptions of men, encounters, and frames of minds, is intended to keep his philosophizing in close contact with human experience. To this extent, Marcel grants that he is a kind of radical empiricist, a blood-brother to William James. By preventing philosophy from completing the movement toward becoming a professional specialty, he also preserves its general significance for human life and its capacity to reach God.

Marcel begins his philosophy with the involved self. This starting point is not an involuted psychological state, but the human self considered precisely as being already involved in real relations with a world of existing things and persons. This is the basic realism of Marcel's position. Philosophy starts with the existent in its most concrete form: the incarnate human self as implicated in the actual universe. Because it reflects upon this foundation, Marcel's thought is a philosophy of existence and the concrete. But it is not simply or primarily such, since then it would describe only what we are at the outset and before the work of freedom begins.

In his Gifford Lectures on *The Mystery of Being,* Marcel characterizes his philosophy more precisely as a reflection upon the passage from existence to being. Its dramatic quality derives from concentration upon this transition. Our existence comprises the structure and relations in which we find ourselves sharing, even prior to making any free choice of attitude. This given factor in our nature is the mark of our creatureliness, our reception of the gift of existence from God. But reflection upon ourselves raises the question of the response we will freely make to this situation, the attitude we will take toward our given nature. The realm of being concerns the free response of man to his existential relations.

Marcel radicates all particular dramatic relationships the primal decisions of the human person either to accept or to refuse to acknowledge his participation in being. The closed soul is the atheistic titan. Like the heroes in Camus' novels, he may display great pity and understanding for men, but he stops short of the ultimate recognition of his own bond with God. He fears that such acknowledgment will endanger his freedom and dignity, whose condition he will be more ready to call absurd than derived. The open soul does not dictate in advance what he must find. He recognizes himself both as a participant in being and as one who shares through a free act. Hence he seeks the freedom and integrity proper to a man of God. Out of this initial refusal or acceptance of God develop the other clashes in existence and in philosophies.

WHEN MARCEL calls ours a broken world, he means one in which the social tendencies obstruct this lucidity about the basic question for men, until some shock or crisis permits the question of theism to be posed. The social analyses in *Man against Mass Society* come to focus upon the mass man, as the product of the attempt to evade the mystery of being and its source in God. A dehumanized society is one in which the primacy of being over having is reversed, and hence in which the person is reduced in significance to the function he performs in the world of goods and services. Since another individual can do the service, the given man has no distinctive worth. Within the technical universe, he cannot claim to be unique and irreplaceable, with the tragic result that he may accept this abstract view of himself as final.

Not pessimism but the search after an opening chink for the introduction of humane values in mass society leads Marcel to meditate on the mystery of death. He is aware that it can be given an objective and impersonal description in social terms, and even that it can be transformed into what Evelyn Waugh satirically describes as a problem in cosmetics and landscaping. Yet he does not accept the statistical and satirical reports as definitive because of our underground awareness that more is involved than the technical approach to death. Instead, Marcel asks us to listen meditatively to these lines from Rilke's *Book of Hours:*

> O Lord, give each one his own particular death,
> the death stemming from his own life
> in which he had love and awareness and distress.

Both Marcel and Heidegger point out that there is an aspect of death which is accessible only to personal introspection. One can ask for "his own particular death," only if one is aware of it as the meaningful climax of "his own life." Philosophy makes one meditative neither exclusively about life nor exclusively about death, but about that integral pattern of free activity which constitutes a significant personal sharing in being. This is the point at which the rule of technics is overcome even within its framework, and the opportunity found for engaging in the personal forms of community.

In his recent essay on *The Decline of Wisdom,* Mar-

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cel has had to face the charge of hankering after the lost paradise of pretechnical society: He accepts both the utility of technological organization and the values of valid power and joy entailed by it. There is no question of reversing the trend, but only of determining whether the technical or the personal spirit will be dominant in modern society. The very success of the engineering attitude encourages people to suspect anything which is irreducible to a technical problem. It is against this universalization of the categories of objective planning that the personalist philosopher protests. His positive work is to recall us to our own freedom and responsible way of being.

WHILE OTHER writers have been arguing about the possibility of a Christian philosophy, Marcel has been philosophizing as a Christian thinker. Since his position rests upon a study of human nature in its concrete forms, it can be shared by non-Christians and does not lead by deductive necessity to Christianity. Nevertheless, Marcel accepts the basic harmony between human experience and the Christian revelation, as well as the illumination which the latter casts upon the personal and social life of man. In acknowledging this help, he also warns the Christian thinker against any display of intellectual paternalism in respect to his nonbelieving partners in philosophical inquiry. "Grace should inhabit him," Marcel remarks of the Christian philosopher, "not only as radiance, but as humility." This is a good motto for anyone working in the intellectual fields within the conditions of our American pluralist society.

As a practical footnote, it may be added that Marcel's writings are somewhat diffuse. Hence a real service would be performed by a concise selection of his leading doctrines in a single volume. As a guide to the study of his thought, there should also be an English version made of the most penetrating and comprehensive study, Father Roger Troisfontaines' *From Existence to Being: The Philosophy of Gabriel Marcel.* Particularly in America, where Thomism is the dominant philosophy among Catholics, it is well to study the main lines of this philosophy which is Christian but not in the Thomist tradition.

GEORGES ROUAULT: PROCESSIONS

CLOWNS

The parade starts
With beating drums.
It comes with drums
Hollow as hearts.

What has being English,
And old, for that matter,
To do with being clowns?

Three sit, pyramided silence,
Joined and jointed in grave knowing,
Resting here from antic pretense.

Head of a clown—
Burnt-eyed, slack-lipped,
Cheek-to-jaw grief
Gutted in lines—
Soul-sprung despair.

KINGS

The king is old,
His sleeves are red,
His eyes are dead,
His soul is sold.

Take joy in your hat, lady—
Even though you cannot see
Its ratted train of flowers,
You know it's there, and the claim
Will come soon enough for you.

The rich lady is sure
The cherubim covet
Her complacent eyebrows.

"We think ourselves kings"—
We wear ropes of gold
To bolster our self-conviction—
Perhaps they will serve our hanging.

CORPSES

Praise the morning,
The world reborn—
Praise, voices torn
From earth, mourning.

Listen patiently and well
For this will be the last time.
Let me cling to repentance
Now, for soon I will be clasped
In resolve beyond my will.

"Man is a wolf to man,"
Fanged for self-destruction,
Remorse-broken, pride-rived—
Red sun proclaims him dead.

MARY GILL.

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THE STAGE

THE NECESSITY OF DISINTEGRATION

IT IS NOT an irrelevance of biography that Eugene Ionesco's first recorded publication was a miscellaneous volume titled simply, and with a singular want of the group spirit, NO! That work, so Mr. Richard Roud tells us, was a fragmentary meditation on the general absurdity of life, the inanity of culture and the uselessness of language as a means of communication, and it was built about a notorious essay affirming jointly the magnitude and the insignificance of the Roumanian national poet, Arghezi. An assault on the very possibility of criticism as a discrimination, the article was called "The Sameness of Opposites," and I invoke it only to illustrate *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose,* for Ionesco, his powers elaborated and refined, his forms sophisticated and secure—polemic impulses have dissolved into experience with remarkable fluency—is still saying No with an energy which puts his expressions of negation among the unique facts of our theatre.

Late, as ever, to the party, New York has only this season, and through the good offices of the Phoenix, seen the brilliant English Stage Company productions of "The Lesson" and "The Chairs," while currently, at the agreeable Sullivan Street playhouse, "Jack" and "The Bald Soprano" are being given a meticulous and imaginative performance. But Ionesco's domination of the contemporary European theater of novelty is not to be evaded. On the continent last summer, chaste flags announcing *La Leçon et Les Chaises* sprang up about one, almost oppressively, in Lausanne, in Amsterdam and London, quite like those giant mushrooms which sprout ominously about the boulevard apartment of a later Ionesco couple, in "Amedee, or How to Get Rid of It." It would be premature to catch in all this flush of energy the heady whiff of a cult; I rather imagine the continuing allure of these plays to rest not in any intricate new expansion or image of experience, or comment on it—the moral imagination they display is rudimentary, and their indifference to complexity of scandal—but in something more primitive: indeed, in a rhythm, of irresistible momentum, and rising out of the tension between the chaos of Ionesco's substance and the classical severity of his form. He is a supreme *inventor* of the modern theatre: an inventor not of myths but of forms, and in his plays, the soul of the work is everywhere its body. Their beauty is not that of imagination or mind or temperament, but the abstract beauty of essence, musical and mathematic, which is, in Ionesco, only a variant on that genius of logic and necessity with which France has gifted world literature.

The nature of this necessity in Ionesco is emotional, and derives from that standard moral experience of the twentieth century Western artist, an immense collapse of faith in human possibility. Yet what was a gathering intuition in Yeats and Eliot and Proust and Virginia Woolf, and compelled them to laborious artifices of elegy and reconstruction, has accelerated vastly in Ionesco, has become the *donnée,* the point of departure, and indeed an imperative. "Integration is not enough," shouts the lubricous, homicidal, pedant at his driveling prey in "The Lesson;" "disintegration is also necessary." This note of diabolic revel, of ecstasy in dissolution, is the *nouveau frisson* of Ionesco's vision, and its peculiar authority. We have the nightmare sense of a world careening, gone violently out of control, and of what had seemed constants of experience—inanimate objects, conventions of language, the forms of love and knowledge—assuming each a malicious solipsistic autonomy. The objective correlative of this in Ionesco's theatre is a rhythm of anarchy—not unlike the wild mechanism of farce—which dominates each of his plays, and reaches a pitch of musical frenzy: the orgy of non-sequiturs in "The Bald Soprano;" the surrealistic ballet of "The Chairs;" the mutilated cacophony on which "Jack" comes to its close. "Pure theatre," Ionesco has written, "progresses not through a predetermined subject and plot, but through an increasingly intense and revealing series of emotional states"—a classical dictum of which his plays, no less than "Oedipus Rex," are a stringent embodiment.

In that rhythm of anarchy, however, all the traditional paraphernalia of drama is drowned: psychological observation, or even identity of character, Ionesco sees as *démodé,* unequal to "the spiritual manifestations of our time"; his figures are drawn, rather, in profile—they exist in the continental line of irrational "humours." The absence of subtlety, either intellectual or emotional, is in Ionesco everywhere monumental.

What we have in its place is a smothering web of disconnected irrelevancies—all man's intimate triviality in orgiastic demonstration. Thematically, these plays are a catalogue of free-floating anxieties, utterly spontaneous in their genesis: "The Bald Soprano" was suggested by the giddy phrases in one of those handbooks which helplessly guide us through a foreign land and language. (Please shut the window, I cannot bear tobacco smoke. I have need of a hot-water bottle. When is the avalanche expected?) Only what Mr. Wallace Fowlie has called the distinguishing mark of the French literary mind—its permanent dialogue of antimonies—gives Ionesco's work its recognizable style, even if the function of that dialogue is here not to widen the sense of reality but to deny it, to affirm only the immutable sameness of opposites.

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No account, however fragmentary, of Ionesco's theatre may omit notice of the incendiary power of his humor, a humor with roots in that satanism which Baudelaire held to be the soil of laughter. "Jack" and "The Lesson" and "The Bald Soprano" are among the supremely *effective* plays in the modern repertoire, something of which is doubtless owing to their uninterrupted form, but more to their comic extremity of vision. Yet I am not easy with Ionesco's identification of tragic and comic modes, and his refusal to distinguish between them: however admirable in profound theory, it is immensely hazardous of practice, and gives often to the ambition of Ionesco's plays what is not so much a complexity as a confusion. Pirandello, it will be remembered, achieved the double image and tone, and so did Chekhov; but the Italian's Mediterranean light and austerity, and the intricate yet accessible human actuality of the Russian's theatre stood each to powerful advantage. The problem plays show Shakespeare attempting the delicate peril, but without comfort; their quality is wintry and social and menacing; they seem full of dusky gleams of knowledge which he refused to allow to ripen into their terror. Indeed, only Moliere, in the incomparable "Misanthrope," seems to me to have managed it once for all, with poise, and without stress either of mind or feeling.

It is significant perhaps, and surely ironic, that the exponents of "pure theatre" should be so insistent on denying the autonomy and definition of traditional genres, and it may have been this which prompted Sartre, with his didactic *engagement,* to find in Ionesco's calculated assaults on reality only "the internal solitude of the bourgeois." Mr. Philip Toynbee is at once more just and more imaginative in seeing these plays as a decline from the fundamentally tragic and romantic notion of man's absurdity to one of his nonsensicality. I do not think myself one may charge Ionesco with *acquiescence* in the experience he insists on, but as an artist, he does seem content to rest in the indiscriminate—one might better say, the undifferentiated—image. He is less tedious than Mr. Samuel Beckett, a more artful manipulator of forms, but rarely does his theatre echo with that harmony of elegy and rich grief—"that tragic beauty," as Mr. Stark Young has it, "that is the soul of the mind"—which is a vagrant breath about "Waiting for Godot."

M. Ionesco has been fortunate in the open access given to his new world of theatre. Mr. Tony Richardson's productions of "The Lesson" and "The Chairs" were marvels of legerdemain, virtuoso exhibitions in a macabre poetics. At the Sullivan Street Playhouse, Mr. David Brooks has the more difficult task of welding an ensemble of voices into the Ionesco babel. His authority is both tactful and firm, and he is assisted by Mr. Donald Allen's articulate and fluent translations. I thought "The Bald Soprano" might have been taken at rather a faster pace, but Miss Mary Grace Canfield and Mr. Donald Moffat have the stunned vacancy which is the emotional equivalent of Ionesco's vision, and Miss Salome Jens, in a domestic *tutu* wittily designed by Mr. Bernie Joy, gives a brilliant parody of farce conventions. "Jack," until the rather slimy deliquescence of its finale, is the most diverting evening off-Broadway has afforded all season. Mr. Brooks has imagined it as a kind of hillbilly masque, with baroque overtones; Miss Canfield, as an immemorial gypsy, and Miss Jenny Egan, in a cartoon of all that is ghastly and inscrutable in female adolescence, are overwhelming. In the marriage market scene—Papa done up as a depraved Charlie Chaplin; Mama raddled and rouged, puffed with pride, towing along Daughter like a bridal Trojan Horse, and all entering ceremoniously to a *Pomp and Circumstance* March which swells wildly into the *Ode to Joy*—into that image, Mr. Brooks has distilled the cultural history of a generation, and all the insolent exuberance of what used to be meant by *épater le bourgeois.*

I HAVE SPACE but to pay some homage to "Guests of the Nation," Mr. Frank O'Connor's story of Irish, and universal, sorrows, being performed with shy power and pain, at the Theatre Marquee. It is, of course, an anecdote, and not even Mr. Neil McKenzie's artful adaptation can give it the elaborate complexity of drama. Yet it lives, as so much of Mr. O'Connor's work—stories like *The Long Road to Connemara*—in Yeats' "foul rag and bone shop of the heart," and hence it is unique. In its reticence, its parti-colored surface of reality, its poetry of anguish and necessity and humane feeling, it is the most devastating footnote to Mr. Ionesco's "pure theatre" that one might conceive. Impeccably performed by all, and with a profound tenderness by Mr. Tim O'Connor, you may find it slight, but once seen, you will also find it aching in you, like a wound, for days. *(At Theatre Marquee, East 59th Street.)*

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

HERE'S LOOKING AT *YOU*

MOVIES HAVE in recent years covered the subject of alcoholism quite thoroughly. Whether audiences enjoyed themselves or not, they trudged up Third Avenue with Ray Milland in "The Lost Weekend," sank to the depths with Susan Hayward twice—in "Smash Up" and as Lillian Roth in "I'll Cry Tomorrow"—tried to forget with Burt Lancaster in "Come Back Little Sheba," and wallowed

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and suffered with Dorothy Malone as she portrayed Diana Barrymore in "Too Much Too Soon." There were others, too, some drawn from true stories and some from fiction. Some of those portrayed, alas, ended sadly, like Ann Blyth in "The Helen Morgan Story"; while some, perhaps with the help of A.A., were on the up-grade by the picture's finale. The latest addition to the series is "Voice in the Mirror," which is based on fact and tells a story of how an organization similar to Alcoholics Anonymous may have started,

Most of "Voice in the Mirror" is done in a long flashback in which Richard Egan in an excellent performance plays Jim Burton, a jobless alcoholic who has already sunk to the stage where he's swiping change from his wife's purse to buy drinks. Although he has been in sanitariums and rest homes, his faithful, patient wife (Julie London) does not insist that he go to a hospital now, and she will not commit him even though his doctor (Walter Matthau) realizes he is losing coordination and will land in an insane asylum if he does not stop drinking. After one bout with the bottle, Jim wakes up in a drunk tank and meets a musician (Harry Bartell) who had successfully stayed on the wagon for twenty months; later, after going off on a long binge, Jim recovers sufficiently to stay sober and make the rounds of the nightclubs looking for this musician who told him that it is possible with spiritual help and the help of understanding fellow-alcoholics to control drinking. Although Jim doesn't find the musician until much later, he does succeed in gathering a group of compulsive drinkers who are able to help each other over the rough spots.

Without getting preachy, "Voice in the Mirror" makes much of the need for faith and for the guidance of other understanding drinkers. Jim wonders as he looks in the large mirror over a crowded bar: "Which ones are having a drink or two before taking the bus, and which ones are drunks like us?" His only answer is: "Here's looking at *you*," as he goes on with his efforts to gather a group who will help him as he is trying to help them. With its large cast of characters under Harry Keller's good direction, "Voice in the Mirror" promises no easy cure and shows both the steps forward and the discouragements to the drinkers as well as to their families. Needless to say, the film gets pretty grim at times, but Egan's fine portrayal and the theme, both thoughtful and entertaining, deserve attention and praise.

AUDIENCES who insist on lots of laughs with their movies, although the story may be mere fluff, should find "The Reluctant Debutante" to their liking. I saw William Douglas Home's play on the stage in London three years ago and found it thin but amusing —thanks mainly to the bright performances of Wilfred Hyde White and the good cast surrounding him. In the movies, the story seems even thinner, but the dialogue seems funnier—thanks to Vincente Minnelli's direction of the cast gathered by Producer Pandro S. Berman. Although he has neither Wilfred Hyde White's warmth nor depth, Rex Harrison makes the father amusingly worldly and worried about the future of his seventeen-year-old daughter who returns from America to London and shows no interest in the available young men. As his new wife and the girl's stepmother, Kay Kendall is beautiful and charming and even more worried about the attractive teenager who is definitely bored with the eligible prospects. Sandra Dee plays the pretty young girl with winsome affability; and Peter Myers is first-rate as the young Englishman whose dull conversation drives the girl and practically everyone else to distraction. Myers also drives the girl into the arms of a young drummer, nicely played by John Saxon whose film performances up to now have been only so-so but who appears appealing and bright under Minnelli's guidance.

Since the drummer is considered quite an undesirable catch, Rex and Kay spend most of their efforts in trying to lure Sandra away from him. Some of these efforts are funny and some are rather forced, but both of these comedians know how to make lines seem even funnier than they are. And Angela Lansbury works well with this pair as another mother anxious to launch her daughter well during the London season. "The Reluctant Debutante" has obviously been padded considerably for the movies, but most of the padding is quite handsome; and the lovely gowns and sets in splashy color fit the frothy tale perfectly.

MOVIE-GOERS who want to be educated as well as entertained—and who want to see a film as cool as their air-conditioned theaters—might do well to attend Walt Disney's latest full-length True-Life Adventure. "White Wilderness" shows wild life in the Arctic Circle, where American and Canadian naturalist photographers spent some three years taking these top-notch photographs of animals in action. Besides the usual shots of bears gamboling on the ice and seals doing their tricks, there are truly wonderful sequences of lemmings migrating, escaping from hungry birds and ermines, and finally seeming to plunge to suicide. The film is full of such mysteries connected with the pattern of survival—including the habits of wolves, who mate for life, patiently teach their young, and move in herds when forcing the caribou to run the gauntlet. The vicious, surly wolverines also come under study in several amazing episodes not designed for the faint-hearted but still fascinating to watch. "White Wilderness" was written and directed by James Algar who in this movie goes out of his way to avoid the usual sentimental clichés of the Disney nature pictures; this time the animals are seen and described for what they

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are, not for what man wants them to be. In "White Wilderness" Disney has made an outstanding film, in which the unsung heroes are the patient photographers who do all the hard work—a film to which parents will enjoy taking their children.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"AMERICA'S FARM PROBLEM"

Palo Alto Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: Mr. Lawrence T. King's letter [Aug. 8] commenting on Edward T. Chase's article, "America's Farm Problem" [June 27], is a good expression of the emotional content of the farmer's attitude on the farm problem [*Editor's Note*: *Mr. King is a newspaperman, not a farmer*] but the lack of objectivity has distorted his analysis and left it incomplete.

Agriculture is not the only industry undergoing "dislocation from technological progress." It shares this dubious distinction with coal mining, cotton textile manufacture and to some extent the railroads. The clear reason for all of these situations is that these industries are taking a declining part in our economy. In manufacturing generally, profits and wages increase along with technical progress because demand for manufactured products is expanding at as rapid a rate as is productive capacity. But in agriculture (and in a few other industries) demand is stagnating while the ability to produce increases. The simple fact is that as peoples' incomes increase, they spend it on things other than food! The easiest (but not necessarily the least painful) solution to this problem is less farmers.

As to the second problem of fluctuating prices, agriculture again is not alone but shares this particular misfortune with mineral and non-mineral mining and with forestry—other primary products producing industries. (A 500% price fluctuation, however, is rare in any of them.) The farther we move up the processing chain, the more inflexible the price becomes. This results from no more treachery than the simple fact that at each stage of processing (and there are four or five between farmer and consumer) the labor and capital used up has received its (usually just) return. Thus at the final stage (the retail level) prices are fairly inflexible—not only in food and fiber products but in goods generally. There is very little room for price flexibility above the level of the primary producer since the bulk of the costs of processors are labor costs—and wages are fixed by contract. But even if prices of final products are fairly inflexible, the profits of processors are not so stable as this current "recession" has again made clear. The only effective way of keeping prices and profits stable is by a successful full-employment policy at the national level.

One further point, that Mr. Chase barely touched upon, and Mr. King brought up almost by accident, concerns the question of increasing concentration of ownership and the size of operating unit in agriculture. The justification of the "family sized" farmer is not the tender care he gives to his land, for either casual or intimate association with small farmers will show that an amazingly large number of them are either too ignorant, too lazy or too greedily in pursuit of short term gains to make genuine long-term investments in their land. Rather, we must consider the social and political consequences of industrial concentration generally. Farmers and certain sectors of the retail, service, and construction industries are the last areas where the individual small or medium-size operator is still dominant, and these areas are being closed in on fast. It seems that the people of the United States (or their "leaders") have made a decision in favor of productive and distributive efficiency at the expense of the individual operator. Barring a reversal of this decision, there is little hope for preserving the independent farm operator while concentration is being accelerated in the economy generally.

CHARLES F. MARTELL, JR.

"BUBER'S PURSUIT OF THE HOLY"

Shrewsbury, Mass.

TO THE EDITORS: Surely the readers of The Commonweal understand that Martin Buber, not being a Scholastic, is not a fit subject for the technique of synthesis ["Buber's Pursuit of the Holy," Aug. 8]. As a matter of fact, in so far as he is a mystic he defies any attempted digest. Father Murchland does, after all, point out in a direct quotation that Buber "did not rest on the broad upland of a system that includes a series of sure statements about the absolute, but on a narrow rocky ridge between the gulfs where there is no sureness of expressible knowledge but the certainty of meeting what remains undisclosed." The real worth of Buber lies in the fact that he can communicate what he has met, and he does find a way, using language as if he used it not, to express a knowledge that without him might have been ineffable. I suppose that his terminology is uniquely effective but it is unquestionably the magic of his symbolism that manages to puff out and around the reader a charged and fertile atmosphere

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so that the world beyond can be seen with fresh significance and touched with ethereal thrill. Because reading what the man has written is such an experience, reading about what he wanted to say is something of a bust.

The note that Buber sounds is not important—at least, it is not Buber. We have heard that note before; but we have never felt this overtone. Out of the overtone stems a vision that is as palpable as a mood. This mood cannot be conveyed by the very perceptive review which Father Murchland has written. It is not captured by Arthur Cohen in his "short, but very excellent study, *Martin Buber*." The contribution of both men must be measured by the number of sensitive humanists who will discover the genius of Buber through them. When you answer that, in so far as my point is valid, it applies to all important thinkers, you are speaking analogously, and I protest that in subjecting Martin Buber to analogy you sin as grievously as those who have attempted to synthesize and digest him.

(*Rev.*) BERNARD E. GILGUN.

"HEIDEGGER AND HUMANISM"

Ottawa, Ontario

TO THE EDITORS: With regard to Mr. Molnar's article 'Heidegger and Humanism' [July 4] I would like to suggest that a vast clarification of the questions he raises would be made by considering Humanism not as an historical phenomenon but as a mode of thought and action which (like the poor) we have always with us. Especially will this clarification be valuable to people with little knowledge of academic philosophy and those who, like myself, are profoundly distrustful of anyone who refers to man as "a shepherd of Being; (whose) essence consists in being more than man."

From this point of view, then, we will avoid entangling Humanism with causes with which it has nothing essentially to do. Obviously, the phrase "In the Name of Humanity" may be used by any movement from the most lofty to the most degraded or absurd.

This much said, Humanism boils down to this: a deep appreciation of the fact that though man is not naturally good he yet naturally loves good. And this appreciation shows itself in a characteristic mode of action or approach.

So among Catholic humanists one can detect their strong preference for relying on the love of good as the prime natural predisposer to co-operation with God. In contrast to this we find a reliance on something which we also seem to have always with us, namely a bias towards a sadistic or sentimental self-contempt, a monstrously perverted humility; or a ferocious antithesizing of love of God and love of self which has no warrant in reason or theology; or else (and perhaps this is something new, especially favoured by the conditions of the present time) an artistically intensified despair with which even the "optimism of the Enlightenment" can be favorably compared.

Not the least of the many crosses of our generation is the large tribe of distinguished practitioners of inhumane letters we have to plague us, and it is the failure of these men to integrate the scientific enterprise with the human enterprise that we must blame for man's soul being "divided and his consciousness immersed in misery."

The scientific age is like the Stone Age or the Bronze Age: there is no question of take it or leave it, we must drain the bitter-sweet draught. Our social sciences seem to be still in the pseudo-scientific stage leaving lots of room for quackery; but this situation is not paralleled in the physical sciences, where it is very noticeable that when our men of science state their case to the world their humane approach puts to shame the academic vapourings of the liberal artists.

Of these latter it may be truly said that within their ranks artistic integrity takes the place of patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel; and due to their efforts the word "human" is fast acquiring a flavor of obscenity.

PHILIP BELGRAVE.

"NEW YORK, N.Y."

San Bernardino, Calif.

TO THE EDITORS: One of the best and most fascinating books on New York City that I should like to add to Mr. Smith's list [June 27] is Chiang Yee's *The Silent Traveller in New York*. This book contains seventeen color reproductions of the author's paintings of New York, many poems he wrote about New York (they appear in the original Chinese as well as in the author's own English translation), countless pen-and-ink sketches of everyday life in the city, and a wealth of narrative and descriptive prose that's a delight to read and reread. My copy was published in England (Methuen & Co. Ltd., London) eight years ago, but I believe there was also an American edition.

WALT DOUGLAS.

"SEAWAY TO THE FUTURE"

Dearborn, Mich.

TO THE EDITORS: I cannot let Edward T. Chase's article, "Seaway to the Future" [July 25] pass entirely without comment. In the first place, Mr. Chase states that one horsepower will move a ton on wheels, forty tons on water, ascribing this alleged superiority of water transport to the energy-friction ratio. Actually, except at very low speeds, hydraulic friction is greater than rolling friction of hard surfaces; one

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A Liberal Magazine?

The Commonweal believes in freedom of conscience, but not in a religious Liberalism which says that all religions are equally good—or equally bad. It does not believe in the unthinking optimism of Rousseau, nor in moral relativism, nor in religious indifferentism, nor in any similar philosophical-social principles normally associated with historic continental Liberalism. In so far as individual American liberals accept such principles, we regret this fact and there part company with them. . . .

We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them. And we have little patience with those Catholics who try to justify their own reluctance to join these battles by citing, out of context, the nineteenth century papal condemnation of continental Liberalism. . . . .

If we are to judge by past experience, our opinions will sometimes be criticized as "too liberal," at other times will be damned as "too conservative." But we will always try to avoid the doctrinaire, the pat answer; the opinions that appear will continue to represent what we honestly believe. Our task, as we see it, is twofold: first of all, to stand for truth, and right, and justice, under whatever label they may be found; secondly, to try always to supply that larger context, involving a vision of man and of the meaning of history, without which liberalism and conservatism alike are incomplete.

—The Commonweal, September 20, 1957

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horsepower will move two or three tons on steel wheels rolling on steel rails and ocean-going ships will do no better.

The writer seems to consider resistance to the Seaway as an example of selfish interests opposing the public good. For Chicago to support and New York to resist the project seem to me equally examples of self-interest.

Finally, I cannot share Mr. Chase's optimism about the toll rates. I will be astonished if they pay off the investment in fifty years as the law requires. Rates high enough to pay off the investment will continue to be resisted as discouraging the use of the Seaway. And, of course, if the rates are not high enough to pay off the investment we will have not the public gaining from more efficient transportation but merely the Seaway users gaining from the public purse.

GEORGE B. DUTTON, JR.

REPLY

East Hampton, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: In response to the three points raised by Mr. Dutton:

1. The canaller's thumb-rule that one horse can pull a ton on a two-wheel cart on land but forty on a waterborne barge comes down to us from the canal boom of the 1830's, when appreciation of this "homely statistic," as I called it, prompted the rapturous comment that canals were "God's own highway, operating on the soft bosom of the fluid that comes straight from Heaven." It remains true today as it has for thousands of years that water transportation is the lowest cost form of transportation—principally for this fundamental reason of the energy friction ratio. The time factor of course is another matter.

2. It is a commonplace that nearly all technological innovations capable of serving the public good are bound to hurt certain interests, the Seaway being no exception. There is a dimension in public life that transcends sectional interest and that is the national interest. Every American president from Taft on plugged for the Seaway because of this. I believe it should give us pause to reflect that only Canada's threat to go it alone triggered U.S. Seaway action. Contending minority interests don't necessarily result in serving the general good. Witness France.

3. The toll rate question is being argued in hearings as I write. No one can say for sure whether the proposed levels are sufficient or insufficient. My own estimate is that the heavy volume of traffic from about 1975 onward will justify the toll structure officially proposed. Incidentally, his revealing term "Seaway users" is going to include *all* of us willy nilly, not just some greedy free-loaders.

EDWARD T. CHASE.

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The Birth of Modern Sensibility

THE BANQUET YEARS. The Arts in France 1885-1918. By Roger Shattuck. Harcourt. $8.50.

By RICHARD GILMAN

WE ARE always in search of our fathers. In art we want to know who sired our visions, in politics who laid down our alternatives. In America the quest goes on beneath the surface of practical life and has little communication with it. The French make fewer distinctions of this kind; for them intellectual history is as alive as any election or technical breakthrough. Thus they are always caught up; *Axel's Castle* was no revelation to them, nor will they regard Roger Shattuck's book as much more than a footnote.

Yet for us *The Banquet Years* can be something of a minor text. Overloaded, driving itself too hard, not especially original, it still manages to achieve a perspective on the years 1885-1918—the decade when France gave birth to modern sensibility—that improves the light and eliminates some of the shadows.

Mr. Shattuck believes that this explosive period, during which "a feast of the arts" took place, can best be understood not through its greatest figures but in certain representative ones. Those he has chosen —Henri Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry and Guillaume Appollinaire—reveal the personal and creative characteristics — heterodoxy, naivete, mystification and a fusion of life and work—that set the period off.

At the bottom of everything, Mr. Shattuck says, lies a return to a childlike vision of experience. What Rousseau's painting performed for his contemporaries was an act of innocence, a grasping of mystery in its unalloyed directness. His "primitivism" resulted not so much from a failure of technique as from a new kind of staring at the world, in which what took shape before his eyes merged with elements of an inward scene, pure and uncensored, such as children possess but cannot give form to.

Satie, the composer of miniatures, "white" music and aural jokes, maintained Rousseau's stance of child-man, but in a more sophisticated form. His career, Mr. Shattuck writes, "represents an effort to confound, to provoke laughter, to give pause, and then to disappear."

Both Rousseau and Satie contributed to the breakdown of the distinction between art and life. Alfred Jarry, who is no doubt the least known here of Shattuck's quartet, went further. A writer of terrifying force and originality who seized on the resources of dream and pushed them toward hallucination, he was also perhaps the most complete rebel in the history of art. In his work and life he defied every convention, inverted every value and stretched the idea of freedom to its breaking point.

By attempting to *become* his own creation, the horrifying yet hypnotic figure of *Ubu Roi,* who is a reversal of the humanist image of man, Jarry sought to "unlive his life," the most free act he could imagine. When at thirty-seven he died of alcoholism in 1907, he had left his mark on all the more deracinated sectors of French literature.

Guillaume Apollinaire, "the impresario of modern art," had qualities in common with Jarry and the others. He, too, recovered the language and vision of the child and regarded his life and work as interchangeable. But his special contribution was to raise ambiguity to an esthetic principle and value, as well as to play herald for the entire movement.

All four, Mr. Shattuck says, stood at the heart of the metamorphosis in yet a profounder way. Their break with the past was, in formal terms, a break with the art of *transition,* which they replaced by that of *juxtaposition.* Images came to be perceived not as linked but as existing side by side, and even further, as simultaneous. The true nature of contemporary cre-

"The French Orwell."
—*Time and Tide*

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ativity, Mr. Shattuck says, is that it seeks a condition of "stillness" in which conventions of time and space are dissolved and contradictions fade in a moment of arrested awareness.

Mr. Shattuck relies heavily on some familiar notions, but the virtue of his book is that it organizes them and relates them to concrete data. In order to keep his thesis rolling he has to do occasional violence to his quartet, lopping off an arm here a mustache there, but essentially they fit of themselves. Perhaps the truest judgment on *The Banquet Years* is the one Mr. Shattuck makes on Apollinaire: "His comments provide an excellent description of how the wave reached the shore, but he cannot finally tell us why." Well, who can?

A True Realist

THE VIOLATED. By Vance Bourjaily. Dial Press. $4.95.

By JAMES FINN

WITH *The End of My Life* and *The Hound of Earth,* Vance Bourjaily established a strong claim to critical attention. While neither of these works received the acclaim given to many other post-war novels, they revealed an author who had knowing control over his material. They suggested a solidity and a basis for development absent from the more immediately impressive novels of his contemporaries.

The Violated extends further Mr. Bourjaily's initial claim. It is a large ambitious novel, a capacious, embracing work of a kind that is rare in American fiction. While the center of the novel is occupied by the four principal characters who are brought from childhood to maturity (and who are exact contemporaries of those now in their middle thirties), there are ever-widening circles of those whose own lives impinge, in varying degrees, upon these four. There are parents and children; schoolmates, teachers and employers; lovers, husbands and wives; close friends and casual, fleeting acquaintances.

As the lives of these four—Tom Beniger and his sister Ellen from Tennepin, Connecticut; handsome, wealthy Guy Cinturon from Mexico; and rough, insecure, unattractive Eddie Bissle from poor Long Island—cross, veer away, again come together and inter-twine, they become increasingly weighted with experiences of the last several decades. The author's range of interest and knowledge is everywhere evident and impressive. The silly, meaningful chatter of the high school, the easy obscenity of college and army, the stylized idiom of theater and T.V. studios, and the broken exchanges of close but estranged friends are all caught and set down with authority. The same sureness is apparent in the evocation of feelings associated with a particular place, whether it is a small town or Greenwich Village.

Not all, certainly, but many aspects of life in America are here present. There is a rich varied background for the characters, a dense medium to offer resistance to their best efforts. That is, where there are best efforts. For some of the lives have been blasted almost at the outset. For that slight single event has occurred which, in this work, determines without recourse the direction of one's life. Such people live out their days, but they have no goal; they neither believe in, seek nor find a meaning.

What of those who make the effort? Tom and Ellen start with the high uncertain goals of adolescence, but these dwindle and pale when exposed to the unsparing demands of adulthood. Guy Cinturon is one of those who have clear, obtainable goals; his endures but proves increasingly less meaningful. As for Eddie Bissle, he is one of those who scarcely had a chance.

To these four there are analogues and parallels. For the other characters, too, fall under the general classification of the title. No character emerges whole; each suffers some violation of his being. It is primarily the act of violation which places these people in their universe. Though the violation frequently drives them apart from each other, it unites them in a common predicament. And it manifests itself in many, frequently violent, ways—in emotional detachment, alcoholism, both latent and active homosexuality, in Don Juanism, in sado-masochistic relations, in homicide and suicide.

And it is finally the over-all vision of the book which eventually tempers and weakens one's response. Or, rather, the feeling that a strong vision is lacking, that what should be vision is framework, an intelligently devised framework and

America's first and foremost periodical on the liturgy of the Church—

I find that it is not possible for me to give adequate praise to *Worship* in the space alloted. It is sound and scholarly—but at the same time lively and direct. Probably most of its readers are priests, but it is written and edited for all Catholics.

The subject matter and purpose of the magazine do not vary from issue to issue: *Worship* is published to help people understand the Mass and the sacraments. Yet there is tremendous variety in its pages; perhaps the first and possibly the most valuable educational experience one gets from it is the realization of the ties between liturgy and life.

Worship treats of the social order, religious sociology, music, art, and architecture, of the psychology of modern man, the meaning of sacrifice, liturgical reforms, and of the participation of the laity in the prayer-life of the Church.

I said it was for "all Catholics," but there must be a reservation. Though *Worship* is "popular" in the sense of being non-technical, it asks serious work and some background of its readers. Given the work, the background could be derived (over a number of issues) from the magazine itself.

Robert Hoyt in *The Kansas City–St. Joseph Register*

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quite extensive, but improperly limiting. It is not that we lack knowledge about the characters. We know very much. But we seem to know all that is to be known. There seems to be no reservoir from which further information could be drawn. There is room, thus, for the unexpected, but not real surprise; for problem but not for mystery. This universe is incomplete.

In his comments on the novel, Frank O'Connor says that "one can recognize the true realist by the very small area of unpleasant experience which he can comfortably handle." By this standard Mr. Bourjaily may well be a true realist, for the area of unpleasant experience which he handles comfortably is small. But his intentions, it is clear, would have carried him beyond that small area. Huxley attached to *Point Counter Point* Fulke Greville's "Oh wearisome condition of mankind . . ." And this could be a proper response to this book. But there is always a danger for the realist that he will become the sentimentalist and arouse the feeling one has for "Oh world I never made . . ." *The Violated* approaches this line of danger asymptotically.

In spite of reservations, however, there is one large section of the book that is stunning. It is a tour de force that is capable of redeeming many lapses, of absorbing the otherwise unacceptable detail.

After the uses to which *Hamlet* has been put in both criticism and fiction, it is a passing brave writer who once again places it in service. But Mr. Bourjaily has made a childish production of the play almost the pivot of his book. Young Sheila Walle, Ellen Beniger's daughter, produces, directs, stages and stars in the production. Her own dedication and the response she evokes in others, both players and audience, become high points of the book. The tensions and weaknesses, desires and strengths of the various characters are high-lighted by the actual production. For this achievement, alone, *The Violated* is valuable.

There are minor technical annoyances. The *Hamlet* section is impressive but Mr. Bourjaily presumes upon it too early. For the first section of the book (which opens, as Shaw would have said, in the imperative) plumps us down in the middle of the performance and surrounds us with the array of mature characters before it swirls us back to their beginnings. It reads as if the author, in search of a good beginning, wrote it last and tacked it on. And, in spite of the evident knowingness displayed, there is an intrusive handling of narrative techniques. But if *The Violated* does not completely fulfill expectation, neither does it disappoint.

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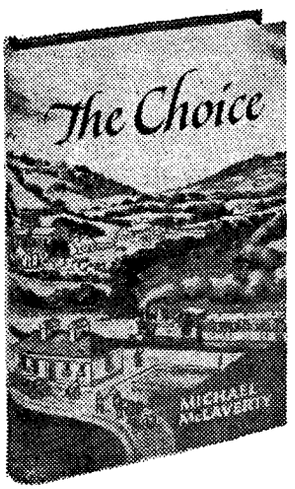

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